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FORDVILLE.
J. L. Harder, Mar. 3 June 3 Sept. 3 Dec. 3
James Miller, Mar. 10 June 10 Sept. 10 Dec. 10
H. Chapman, Mar. 17 June 17 Sept. 17 Dec. 17
C. L. Fields, Mar. 24 June 24 Sept. 24 Dec. 24
HARTFORD.
R. A. Stevens, Mar. 2 June 2 Sept. 10 Dec. 10
J. D. Byers, Mar. 9 June 9 Sept. 17 Dec. 17
H. Hansen, Mar. 16 June 16 Sept. 24 Dec. 24
W. L. Rowe, Mar. 23 June 23 Sept. 31 Dec. 31
ROCKPORT.
W. M. Astry, Mar. 13 June 13 Sept. 21 Dec. 21
J. L. Hamilton, Mar. 20 June 20 Sept. 28 Dec. 28
BEAVER DAM.
L. A. Arnold, Mar. 19 June 19 Sept. 27 Dec. 27
J. P. Morton, Mar. 26 June 26 Sept. 30 Dec. 30

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Hartford—J. L. Latham, Post-office address, Hartford.
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H. W. Bennett, Secy.
H. W. Bennett, Secy.

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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 11.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, FEBRUARY 4, 1885.

NO. 5.

CLOTHING.

WE DON'T KNOW

That we ever gave better values for the money than now. Overcoats, Suits, Underwear, Boys' Clothing are all way down, and still we give you with every cash purchase of \$10 or over a Watch, Clock or Load of Coal. Just buy \$10 worth of goods, no matter what kind, and you can take your choice of presents. Men's Heavy Wool Socks only 10c a pair. Fine Scarfs, 25c. Boys' Shirt Waists reduced from \$1.50 and \$1.25 to 75c. Men's Overcoats reduced to \$3, \$5 and \$7. Men's Ulsters marked down to \$12. Children's Odd Pants only 55c. Boys' Odd Coats, \$1.25. Men's Fine Satin-lined Suits worth \$30, marked down to \$20.

DEPPEN'S CLOTHING HOUSE,

The Great Retail Clothing House of the Southwest.

Cor. of Fourth and Market Sts., Louisville.

BESSIE MAY.

BY W. LAMONT.

Far away, far away where the daisies bloom,
And the buttercups nod to the passing breeze;
Where the fir groves scatter their sweet perfume,
And the black bird sings from the hawthorn trees;
Where the rivers flow, in a crystal tide,
And the green of the grass with the month's view,
And the stars that spangle the heavens wide
Smile down on the land with their loving eyes,
When the sun, as he journeys toward the west,
Yet lingers apace, and fain would stay,
And the lark that soars from his lovely nest
Leads there with his strains of minstrelsy.
In that golden land, in the long ago,
When my heart was as light as the feathered foam,
That the breakers dash on the rocks below,
The cliff, where in solitude stood my home,
There lived a maiden, sweet Bessie May,
As fair as the land of which I sing,
With eyes as bright as the dew of day,
And step as light as a fairy's wing.
Brown was her hair, and the rosy glow
Of sunset paled at the glow on her cheek,
Contrasting the white of the stainless snow
That painted her brow and her swan-like neck.
Bessie was fair as a summer sky—
A diamond among the roughest sand—
But fearless and true, and a queen as high
As ever has ruled over sea or land.
Up to the airy realm of clouds,
Where the eagle had reared her savage brood,
She would climb like the sailor among the
shrouds,
And laugh at our fears in her fearless mood,
And yet she was loved by not a few,
And worshipped by one as something
divine.
With a heart of love, that was pure and true
As the hidden gem in the darkness mine,
We were children together. She and I
Would gather the shells from the sandy
beach.
Or watch the seagulls as they sailed
down,
As far over the waves as our eyes could
reach.
We climbed the cliffs to the swallow's nest,
Or gathered the sea mosses golden brown,
Till the sun far off in the distant west,
Let the curtain of twilight softly down.
Let the curtain of twilight softly down.
We were happy together those summer days,
And we dreamed not the vision would
ever fly.
Nora thought of life, nor its tangled maze,
Would darken the blue of our perfect sky.
But the days, the months and years rolled by,
And we stood one day on the wave-lashed
strand,
Angry and black were both sea and sky.
For the waters were troubled by the storm-
king's hand.
We stood and we gazed on the sullen sea,
And my heart was dark as the water waste
For the grave of my hopes was already green,
And bitter the draught I was forced to taste.
Another she loved; and I knew it then,
But I felt in my heart her love was vain,
For the serpent, however you may gild his
den,
Is a serpent still, with the serpent's stain.
A stranger he came from a far off clime,
To our rugged cliffs and our sea-washed
strand,
And he stole the prize scenes sublime,
With an artist's pride and an artist's hand.
In the wondrous beauty of Bessie May
His artist instinct had found a prize.
Ah, dark was the hour and black the day,
That he caught the light of her sunny eyes.
'Twas the same old story over again,
The bonied word and seductive smile,
Had proven too much for a maiden vain,
Who was conscious not of deceit or guile.
He had won her love; and we stood on the
strand,
With the angry waters kissing the shore,
And the sea gulls screaming on every hand,
As away from the storm their flight they
bore.
I knew that my hopes were blighted and
dead,
And the thoughts of my heart I did not say,
Till my pride came forth, and I coldly said
A last farewell to sweet Bessie May.



O'Donovan Rossa.

HEAD OF THE DYNAMITERS, IN WHOM OFFICE THE ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO KILL CAPTAIN PHILAN.

It is generally believed that the head quarters of the Irishmen and Irish-Americans who profess to be at "war" with England by employing secret means of injuring her are at the office of the United Irishman in New York City. This place is conducted by O'Donovan Rossa, believed to be proprietor of the journal named, and who is a man with a history and world wide reputation. Even more than usual notoriety is given his name just now because of the recent attempt, in the office of that newspaper, to kill Captain Philan, an Irish patriot of Kansas City, by another patriot with whom Philan seems to have had a little misunderstanding in the absence of the lord and master of the premises. Readers who do not actually read it, are undoubtedly acquainted with the fact that the United Irishman is at the head and front of the journals advocating any and every means to injure England, and that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland does his utmost to prevent its circulation in the country the interests of which it professes to serve.

O'Donovan Rossa is a native of the county Cork, Ireland. He was born in 1832, and is gray. His father died in March, 1847, and the widow and children were a short time after evicted from their home by an alien landlord. From that time forward, says his biographer, O'Donovan Rossa was at heart a rebel against British rule. His first experiment in business was as a store-keeper in Ireland. In 1858 he was arrested for connection with the Phoenix Society, the organization from which was developed the more powerful brotherhood of Fenianism. He was in trouble with the authorities a second time in 1865, and was put into prison, where he remained until 1870. In this year he came to New York, and opened hotel. After having been Boniface for a few years he began his career as journalist.

Strong views are entertained of O'Donovan Rossa by both friends and foes. Those read his ferocious articles with admiration and entrust him with subscriptions to be appropriated in the destruction of English ships, buildings, etc.; those regard him in exactly the opposite way, going so far as not only to discredit his professions of patriotism, but with greater or less distinctness, of treacherous connivance with the British authorities. The exact truth as it lies in or between these extreme views, is not easy to determine.

Our subject has a comfortable home in Brooklyn, over which his wife presides.

Better than She Expected.

"Your letter received. In reply I am happy to say that Parker's Hair Balsam did much more for me than you said it would, or than I expected. My hair has not only stopped falling out, but the bald spots are all covered, and all my hair has grown thicker, softer and more lively than it was before my sickness a year ago. Thank you again and again." Extract from letters of Mr. R. W. T., West Fifty-third street, New York.

Mineral Wells, Texas.

Editor Herald:

I send you \$1.00 amount due on subscription so as to be entitled to a chance in your drawing on the 31st. I could in no wise do without your paper, and if I draw anything will appreciate it as a gift, for even had you no drawing and your subscription twice as much, still I would take the HERALD.

Respectfully, A. L. R.

Calhoun, Ky.

Editor Herald:

Calhoun is improving and has a good trade at this time. Tobacco is selling very well. Hogs and cattle are selling low, taking the price of corn into consideration. Mr. Smith Payne has returned from a visit to his parents in Ohio county.

Saw log men are moving on Long Falls creek pretty lively.

Mr. R. C. Moseley has sold his farm to his son George.

Moseley Bros. have erected a very fine store in Calhoun.

The meeting at the Baptist church, held on the 2nd inst., was a fine rolling mill. It is said to be the finest in the State.

I will close by wishing the HERALD success.

VERDA AUSTIN.

Prentice.

January 24, 1885.

Editor Herald:

Hurrah for Suggs! Hit him again and set down on him until he becomes thoroughly disgusted.

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EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

Widespread Commotion Caused by that Remarkable Statement of a Physician.

The story published in these columns recently, from the Rochester, N. Y., Democrat, created a deal of comment here, and has been seen so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henson at his residence on Andrews street, when the following interview occurred: "This morning, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. I had frequent headaches, and I was tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next, felt dull and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms have been mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cause, but try to keep the symptoms down. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its various forms. I am a hydropic monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other complaints which I now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner was visited at his establishment on North St. Paul street. At first he was inclined to be reticent, but, learning that the information desired was about Bright's disease, he changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we need reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80, its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off! Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop, Colver, Folger, Coffey and others. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge."

"Do you think many people are affected with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids and microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. And now, gentlemen, he said, as we have seen the mortality indications I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health, and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have had a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys.' And in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to anyone."

"You know of Dr. Henson's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it. 'It is very wonderful, is it not?' 'No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice, and having been cured by the same means.' 'I know it. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends.'"

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and I consulted the doctors. I have learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year. I believe his works would have proved true if I had not providentially used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure.'"

"Dr. S. A. Lattimore, although heartily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him: 'Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago Doctor?' 'Yes.' 'What did this analysis show you?' 'The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance.' 'And what did the symptoms indicate?' 'A serious disease of the kidneys.' 'Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?' 'No sir I did not think it possible.' 'Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?' 'Yes I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and harmless.' We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henson's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The doctor was cured four years ago and is well and attending to his professional duties to-day. The standing of Dr. Henson, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question and the statements they make, cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henson's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, and that it can be cured."

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Suggs' Sense.

1174 years ago Tarik built a town and called it Gibraltar and called it Tarifa. It contained the streets and the compelled the vessels passing out of or into the Mediterranean to pay duty on cargoes. It was here we got not only the scope by leaving tribute on all boats passing down from Germany or up from France. This was tariff in its primitive glory.

No wonder Waterson exclaims, "that thieving tariff." The application is seen when one threads through the history of tariff from Gibraltar down to the present.

I am aware that taxation is considered as perhaps the most intricate problem in political science; but may not one have an opinion of Euclid's 7th problem even if he never solved it? When we see thousands from all parties whose ambition is to tear away from partisan prejudice, maintaining that political education of the masses is the only safe guard to our institutions, and subscribing to such tenets as "Trade has a right to the freest scope unfettered by taxes except for government expenses," when we hear such men as Minister Lowell, who presided at a meeting in London no longer ago than last Friday, say, in reply to a paper on "Wages and Labor read on that occasion discussing American labor of degenerating, that 'tariff has injured American competition in iron ships but free trade would make her a dangerous competitor of England in the markets of the world,' when we see the fallacy of this talk about unprecedented national prosperity by considering how many distressing strikes, failures, clamors for work and bread, the faces of three successive crops, and these under the benign auspices of a high protective tariff system, I say it is time one should think for himself, it is time to have an opinion when such statesmen as Mr. Blaine tell us that "high protective tariff enables us to live comfortably, educate our children, and lay by a sufficient